MARKED-UP SHOOTING SCRIPT (AUGUST 12TH, 2017.)

THE FINAL FORAY

Written by

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PINK REVISION

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#1A - TRACKING (MASTER)

1

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE. DAWN. 1

The facade of a quaint suburban home. The neighbourhood is deadly silent. A dog barks somewhere in the distance. Suddenly, the front door bursts open and THREE FIGURES storm out. Each of them is dressed in black clothes, a balaclava, and a distinctive red armband. One of them is armed with a machete. One with a baseball bat. The third one, with a duffle bag slung over their shoulder, carries a small metal safe. The trio bolts through the front yard, vanishing swiftly into the distance. *

#2A - (MWS) #2B - OS (MWS) #2D - MS (ANUSHKA)

2

INT. SITTING ROOM. DAWN. #2C - MS-MCU (SANJEET) 2

A thirty-eight-year-old Indian man in wrinkled shirtsleeves paces tensely. He is SANJEET. His dark hair is dishevelled. A fresh graze adorns his left temple. A thirty-nine-year-old Indian woman wearing a garish dressing gown and a disgruntled expression stares at him. She is ANUSHKA. The room is a mess. Sanjeet stops pacing. *

SANJEET
Ganesha. They took Ganesha, Anushka.

#2E - INSERT

INSERT:

A black-and-white snapshot of a decorative shrine dedicated to Ganesha, the Hindu deity. There is a crudely hand-molded clay statuette of Ganesha in the centre.

#2F - INSERT

Sanjeet looks at the shrine which now sits empty on the mantelpiece. He can barely manage to look at it.

ANUSHKA
Ganesha? You're worried about that ugly thing?! What about the safe?!

#2G - INSERT

INSERT:

Another black-and-white snapshot. This one shows a tiny metal safe, tucked between a volume of books written in Hindi.

#2H - INSERT

ANUSHKA (CONT'D)
What are we going to do without it, Sanjeet? You coward. How could you let them get away?

Anushka waits indignantly for Sanjeet's response. He looks at her. There is a hint of malice in his eyes.

SANJEET
They won't.

PUSH IN TO MCU.

#3A - MWS (MASTER)

3 INT. SANJEET'S STUDY/HAKESH'S GARAGE. DAY. 3

Sanjeet sits in the light of a desk lamp talking on an old office phone. His graze is now bandaged. There is a huge map of the city pinned to the wall behind him. The map is peppered with numerous pins connected by red string. Attached to the corner is a newspaper clipping with the headline: "HOODLUM GANG STRIKES AGAIN."

(INSERT) LEAD INTO NEXT SHOT.

#3E - MWS (HAKESH MASTER)

On the other line, a paunchy thirty-six-year-old Indian man stands with a tea towel over his shoulder at the rear of an old minivan. He is HAKESH. The back windscreen of the van is plastered with an extensive series of cute family stickers: there is a Mum, a Dad, twenty-three boys and girls of varied ages, six large dogs, and two cats. The sound of numerous playing children can be heard echoing from inside the house.

INTERCUT: #3B - MCU

SANJEET
Okay, everything should be set. Are you ready for this?

HAKESH
Of course. Kaneera thinks I'm working late tonight. I'm still a little bit uncertain about your plan.

SANJEET
Hakesh, it's simple: we sneak in, grab Ganesha...

HAKESH
And the safe?

SANJEET
Yeah, and the safe--
(Intensely.)
Then we make them *pay*.

HAKESH
How?

SANJEET
(Pause.)
We'll figure that out when we get there.

#3C-CU #3D - INSERT (MCU)

There is a sudden THUD from outside the study. Sanjeet wheels around, agitated. A shadow darts across the bottom of the door. Sanjeet hesitates.

SANJEET (CONT'D)
I'll see you in an hour.

Sanjeet hangs up.

#4A - MS #4B - MS (DOOR.)

4

INT. SITTING ROOM. DAY.

4

A skinny, ham-handed sixteen-year-old Indian boy with glasses is crouched on the floor, scrabbling to replace a chaotic mess of books onto a small over-turned table. He is VIJAY. The study door bursts open. Vijay freezes. Sanjeet looks down at him sharply.

VIJAY FROM OUTSIDE STUDY

SANJEET
You're supposed to be in your room.

#4C-OS #4D-OS #4E - MWS (TWO-SHOT.)

Sanjeet stands over Vijay and holds out his hand.

SANJEET (CONT'D)
You've lost your mobile telephone privileges. Now!

#4F - INSERT. (CU)

Vijay quickly and timidly produces a mobile phone and hands it to Sanjeet, who promptly pockets it.

VIJAY
Dad, please don't do this. I know what you're planning.

SANJEET
You don't think I can do it?

VIJAY
You're an accountant.

SANJEET
You'd rather me sit by? Submissive? No! I will not let these punks molest my home!

VIJAY
Why don't you call the police?

SANJEET
The police?

Sanjeet sniggers wryly. He takes a finger and presses it onto the middle of Vijay's forehead.

SANJEET (CONT'D)
Learn, Vijay. *We* look after *our* own. *They* look after *their* own.

Vijay looks confused. A bitter silence. Sanjeet glances at the books and says coldly:

SANJEET (CONT'D)
Now clean this up and stay out of my sight.

Sanjeet leaves his son. Vijay looks lonely and dejected.

#5A-WS #5B-MCU

5 EXT. SANJEET'S DRIVEWAY. DUSK. 5

HAKESH TRIPS - IMPERFECTION

THROWS

Sanjeet and Hakesh swagger down the driveway, fully dressed in black clothing, gloves, and beanies.

#5C-INSERT #5D-WS #5E MS-(TWO-SHOT) (OS)

Sanjeet takes a ring of car keys from his pocket. His car is parked in front of the house. It's a real shit box; the hubcaps are missing, the roof is rusted, one of the passenger side windows has been broken and crudely patched with plastic and duct tape. Hakesh looks uneasy. He goes to say something. Sanjeet snaps:

SANJEET
We're not taking the minivan!

CUT TO:

#5F-INSERT #5G-INSERT #5H-WS-(CU)

GANESHA MINIATURE ON DASHBOARD

Sanjeet starts up the engine. It splutters for a second, then shudders to life. The vehicle lurches forwards and they drive off down the street. A moment later, Vijay, noticeably perturbed, appears at the edge of the driveway on his bicycle. He tightens the chin strap of his helmet.

#5I-MCU

BLACK EXHAUST

#6A-EST. (WS)

6 INT/EXT. SANJEET'S CAR/WAREHOUSE. NIGHT. 6

#6B-MS (TWO-SHOT)

Sanjeet and Hakesh park on the side of an eerily quiet street, in front of an ominous warehouse surrounded by a tall wire fence. Hakesh looks shaky. He takes out a greasy paper bag filled with samosas. Sanjeet shoots him a sour look. Hakesh hesitates. He offers one to Sanjeet.

HAKESH
Samosa?

An awkward pause. Sanjeet snatches the bag and tosses it petulantly out the driver's side window.

SANJEET
Keep your head in the game!

And with that, the pair exit the vehicle, torches in hands. They approach the front gate.

INSERT: #6C-INSERT #6D-MS (TWO-SHOT)

A massive iron padlock on the gate.

Sanjeet looks disappointed. He thinks for a second.

SANJEET (CONT'D)
Did you bring bolt cutters?

Hakesh shakes his head.

#6E-WS

CUT TO:

Hakesh helping Sanjeet scale the fence.

(CONTINUED)

#6F - INSERT

CUT TO:

Two beams of torchlight dart across the side of the building. They both stop on a small door with a rusty sign that reads: "NO ENTRY".

#7.1-(MS) #7.2-(MCU)

7 INT. WAREHOUSE FLOOR. NIGHT. 7

#7.3-(WS)-POV

Sanjeet and Hakesh sneak inside. They peek their heads out from behind a wall of dusty concrete.

The centre of the warehouse floor has been set up like a kind of war room, with a formation of tables lit by floodlights. The GANG, which consists of about nine identically dressed young adults, inhabits the space. They are dressed in black with a red armband worn on the left.

Hakesh whispers:

HAKESH
Is that them?

Sanjeet studies the gang.

7A #7A.1-MS-(TWO-SHOT) 7A

A1 TWO BURLY THUGS sit on fold-out chairs. One of them is sharpening a machete. The other curls 25kg dumbbells. A1

#7A.2-MS-(3-SHOT)

A2 THREE GANG MEMBERS are sitting at a fold-out poker table playing five-card draw. A2

#7A.3-TWO-SHOT (MASTER) #7A.4-INSERT

A3 In the heart of the formation, a devilishly strapping twenty-two-year-old man stands with a long wooden stick. He is JARKIN. Next to him, stands a mousy, but utterly beautiful, twenty-year-old woman, busily scribbling notes on a clipboard. She is FRANCES. A huge map of the city is spread out over a table in front of them. Some kind of battle plan is marked out with toy soldiers. Jarkin points to a spot on the map. A3 *

JARKIN
How about the Punjabi delivery man on Winfield Avenue?

Frances shakes her head and says matter-of-factly, without taking her eyes off her notes:

FRANCES
Islander Boys hit him last week.

JARKIN
(Resentfully.)
Fucking Islander Boys.
(Pause.)
What were the takings of last night's hold-up, by the way?

(CONT'D)

#7A.3 (CONT'D)

#7A.5 - MASTER (SY)

Frances flips through some pages on her clipboard, then looks aside.

FRANCES
Hey, Sy, how did we go on the King Solomon's Liquor job?

A4 SY, sharp, erudite, twenty, sits at another fold-out table typing on a calculator, surrounded by stacks of paper documents. He stops to check a list. He reads it to Frances: A4

SY
Four hundred and eighty-five dollars... and a bottle of Grey Goose.

(CONT'D) #7.1 (MS) (CONT'D) #7.2 - (MCU)

BACK TO: 7

Sanjeet continues to stare at the gang. Pause. 7

SANJEET
I think that's them.

Hakesh wrinkles his nose fearfully.

HAKESH
This place smells like urine.

Sanjeet makes a discrete signal and the pair, shrouded in the shadows, move heedfully across the wall.

CUT TO:

#7B.1 - (MS) MASTER

7B NESTY, small, sallow-faced, eighteen, is crouched with a doctor's stethoscope, the diaphragm pressed against Sanjeet's safe as he whisks the dial in a perfunctory manner. He pulls down on the lever. It doesn't open. He glances over his shoulder and notices Jarkin walking towards him. Nesty looks at the floor. 7B

NESTY
(Under his breath.)
Shit.

Jarkin stands over Nesty, glaring at the unopened safe.

JARKIN
Well?

NESTY
I'm sorry...

Nesty looks up. Jarkin appears very displeased.

NESTY (CONT'D)
I've never worked on this kind of model before.

(CONT'D)

#7B.1 - (MS) - MASTER (CONT'D)

JARKIN
Stacker probably has.

Jarkin walks off, calling out:

JARKIN (CONT'D)
Sy, where's that cash box?

Nesty throws the stethoscope down and follows him.

NESTY
It's not my fault Stacker went with the Apex gang!

#7C.1 - MS - (TWO-SHOT) #7C.2 - CU #7C.3 - MCU CUT TO:

7C Sanjeet and Hakesh quietly sifting through boxes and bins. Sanjeet stops. He's frozen. Hakesh looks at him. 7C

HAKESH
What's wrong?

SANJEET
Ganesha.

7C.4 - MCU - CU (INSERT)

Barely twenty feet away, on the edge of the formation, sitting unattended on a table, sits the majestic figurine of Ganesha, bathed in divine light.

Sanjeet stares at it, awestruck by its familiar beauty. He starts to creep forwards. Hakesh tries to stop him, but Sanjeet shoves him away and ventures towards Ganesha. *

HAKESH
Sanjeet. No. Please. Wait.

7D #7D.1 - (MCU) (TWO-SHOT) CUT TO: 7D

D1 Frances making notes on her clipboard. Jarkin stands next to her, counting the contents of a small cash box. They are completely unaware of Sanjeet, creeping behind them. Frances looks up. She notices a stray eyelash on Jarkin's cheek. D1

FRANCES
Oh, you have an eyelash...

Frances brushes away the eyelash with her finger.

JARKIN
(Warmly.)
Thanks.

#7D.2 - INSERT (TWO-SHOT)

Frances blushes and gives him a coy smile. Jarkin blindly places the cash box next to Ganesha.

(CONT'D)

(CONTINUED)

#70.3 - MWS #70.4 - MCU #70.2 (CONT'D) - INSERT (TWO-SHOT)

D2 Sanjeet takes cover behind the table. He warily reaches up and takes the figurine. He glances at the cash box, then up at Jarkin and Frances; they are chatting obliviously. Sanjeet hesitates, then plucks the cash box. He begins to sneak back towards a nervous Hakesh. D2

D3 #70.5 MCU (TWO-SHOT) Jarkin and Frances continue to converse. Jarkin inhales. His face changes. D3

JARKIN (CONT'D)
Do you smell samosas?

#70.6 MCU

D4 Hakesh beckons anxiously for Sanjeet to hurry. D4

#70.7 - TRACKING (MS) #70.8 - CU #70.9 - CU

Sanjeet quickens his step. He fumbles with the two items. He trips and falls. Ganesha goes flying. Sanjeet and Hakesh watch, horrified, as the figurine sails through the air. It falls onto the concrete floor and shatters loudly into a thousand pieces.

#70.10 - MS (VARIOUS)

D5 Every gang member wheels around at once. D5

CUT TO:

#7E.1 - MCU #7E.2 - MCU/MWS #7E.3 - WS

7E Hakesh and Sanjeet are bound in chairs. Hakesh has a gag over his mouth. The whole gang surrounds them. The flood lights are blinding. The crowd parts and Jarkin strides through. He stops and carefully studies Sanjeet. Nesty walks over with a piece of cloth. 7E

#7E.4 - MS

#7E.6 - CU

#7E.5 - MS (POV)

NESTY
You want a gag on this one, too?

JARKIN
(Pause.)
He's the one. From last Tuesday's home invasion.

NESTY
The Indian accountant? You know they all look alike?

JARKIN
Do I look blind to you?!

7E.6 (CONT'D)

#7E.8 - MCU (POV)

#7E.7 - INSERT

Nesty draws back fearfully. Jarkin looks across at the safe, then back at Sanjeet. He crouches down, staring directly into Sanjeet's woebegone eyes.

JARKIN (CONT'D)
Listen. We're prepared to let you two go. We'll drop you somewhere and you'll be back home before you know it. All I need from you is the code to that safe. Deal?
(A sinister silence.)
Okay, look. You can choose to believe that or not. But is
(MORE)

(CONT'D) (CONT'D) (CONTINUED)

#7E.8-MCU (POV) (CONT'D)
#7E.6-CU (CONT'D)

JARKIN (CONT'D)
staying tight-lipped really your best choice in this situation?

#7E.9-MCU
#7E.10-MS
#7E.11-MWS (CROWD)

Sanjeet remains completely silent and motionless. Hakesh watches, trembling. After an anxious silence, Sanjeet leans forward and spits in Jarkin's eye. Jarkin recoils. He wipes his face, looking away brusquely.

#7E.12-MCU

JARKIN (CONT'D)
Nesty, get the kit!

#7F.1-INSERT

INSERT:

7F 7F

A systematic arrangement of torture instruments. Sharp, F1 metallic, haunting. F1

#7F.3-MS
#7F.2-XCU

Jarkin takes a moment to choose a tool. He picks a socket wrench. He examines it in the light; the socket is covered in dried blood. Jarkin turns to his gang, vexed.

#7F.4-CROWD

JARKIN
Who cleaned this?!

The gang is dead silent.

JARKIN (CONT'D)
Nobody, huh?

#7F.5-MWS

F2 Hakesh begins to scream desperately behind his gag. Nesty silences him with a sharp backhand. F2

#7F.6-MCU (POV)
#7F.7-CU.

F3 Jarkin walks up to Sanjeet. He pauses, then raises the wrench. Sanjeet closes his eyes and winces. Suddenly: F3

VIJAY (O.S.)
Stop!!!

#7F.8-MS (CUTAWAY)

Everyone freezes. Vijay walks blankly into the light. Sanjeet stares at him, aghast.

#7F.9-MS
#7F.10 MCU.

JARKIN
Another one?

SANJEET
Run, Vijay!!!

Vijay doesn't move. Jarkin looks at Sanjeet, then back at Vijay, then at his two burly henchmen. He snaps his fingers and points to Vijay. The thugs rush over and grab the skinny teenager. Sanjeet turns to Jarkin.

7F #7F.11 - MS (TWO-SHOT)

SANJEET (CONT'D)
No!!! He's just a boy! Please! I didn't mean to cause you any disrespect... sir. I'll give you the code--

(CONT'D)
(CONT'D)

(CONTINUED)

#7F.9-MS (CONT'D)

CONTINUED: 10.

#7F.10-MCU (CONT'D)

#7F.12-CU

VIJAY
Don't give it to them, Dad!

Jarkin shoots Vijay an icy look. A tense pause.

VIJAY (CONT'D)
You're going to let us go. And you'll never come near our home again.

#7F.14-MWS (CROWD)

#7F.13-MWS > CU

A brief silence. Scattered chuckles issue from the gang. Jarkin sniggers villainously.

JARKIN
And if I don't? What are you going to do about it?

Vijay doesn't say anything. After a second, a strange, distant ringing begins to develop. Jarkin's expression changes. It's the sound of POLICE SIRENS, dozens of them.

VIJAY
We look after our own.

#7F.15-INSERT (FCU).

Vijay opens his hand, revealing his confiscated phone. The entire gang is frozen in terror as the sirens grow louder and louder. They're coming from every direction.

#7F.16-WS

JARKIN
Run!!!

The entire gang suddenly bolts towards the exit.

F4 #MS-MCU (TWO-SHOT) (7F.17) #7F.18-MCU. #7F.19-MCU F4

Frances grabs Jarkin and looks desperately into his eyes. She is fraught. The gang races past them.

FRANCES
Wait! I just want you to know something--

Jarkin raises a finger to Frances' lips.

JARKIN
Me, too.

Jarkin takes hold of Frances and kisses her ardently. The pair hold each other in a tender embrace, then they dash out, hand in hand.

#7F.21-CU.

F5 #7F.20-MCU. F5

As the sirens continue to blare unrelentingly, Sanjeet, bound and shaken, looks up at Vijay. A proud smile develops on Sanjeet's face.

-- THE END --

DRAMATIC PUSH-IN.

Meheer Jackson

AUGUST 22TH, 2017